NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE AND MISCELLANY OF CHASTE AND MORAL TENDENCY.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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The Prize Tale,

Written for the MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

THE SACRIFICE: A Clergyman's Story.

BY MISS JULIA H. KINNEY.

I had been nearly a year settled in the city of Z. before I became acquainted at the house of Deacon Daniel Cummings, although he was the very corner stone of our outward temple, having built the Meeting House at his own entire expense, been chiefly instrumental in getting up revivals, by which our members were generally obtained, establishing Sabbath Schools, and rooting out of our councils every weed of heresy that dared show its head; or, in other words, in crushing with an iron heel, the monster LIBERALITY. And no man was ever better calculated to carry his points in all religious undertakings, than the good Deacon. In the first place, he was *very* wealthy. This gave great *solidity* to his opinions with the multitude. Secondly, he possessed a persevering zeal, which if not according to knowledge, was deprived, on that account, of none of its fervency. And this principle, set in motion by early prejudice, that great moving wheel in the grand structure of fanaticism, made him a very Sampson among the Philistines of Z. None could gainsay or resist him. If he said, "let there be a revival," there was a revival. If he said "the Saybrook Platform is without fault or blemish," where was the being rash enough to contradict him? Such was Deacon Cummings, and with my then views and feelings, he was to me, as to others, an object of wonder and admiration.

I could hardly account to myself how I had resisted so many urgent solicitations to visit his beautiful residence, which was only one mile from town. One reason I believe was, that being young in the ministry, it took up considerable of my time to prepare lectures suitable for the ears of a large and somewhat difficult audience. Another was, (though I was too proud to own it even to myself,) that Mr. Cummings was always accompanied to church by a couple of very beautiful daughters, twins, and being no "ladies' man" at all, as the phrase is, I heartily dreaded a tete-a-tete with these lovely girls, although one of them was a member of my church. But the Deacon became at length importunate, and would hear excuses no longer. I accordingly found myself one morning stepping very courageously into my Sulkey for a drive to Three Hills, as the Deacon's residence was called, from the circumstance of three very singular hills, something of the form of pyramids, shooting up within a short distance of the central building. It would puzzle any one to find either in nature or imagination, a lovelier spot than Three Hills. Its numerous buildings were arranged in such a manner as to give it, at a distance, the appearance of a little villa shut out from the commotions of a wicked world—a sweet Paradise for humble and pious hearts. I involuntarily checked my horse as we reached an eminence from whence I could enjoy an uninterrupted prospect, for I was then one of nature's most ardent worshippers.

The hills were nearly in the centre of a large and rather irregular plain, whose borders were skirted with a variety of handsome forest trees, which the woodsman had probably wanted heart to destroy. The loftiest of these prominences was crowned with a clump of beautiful cedars, whose lofty tops seemed a resting place for the clouds. The second in height had nothing remarkable in its appearance, save a perpendicular ledge of blood-coloured rock, whose dark cavities were nearly obscured by tendrils of the ivy and wild grape. But the last, and smallest, possessed some peculiarities upon which the eye could not fail of resting in sweet though sorrowful contemplation. A narrow road communicating with the broad gravel walk which led to the mansion, and shaded each side with thrifty young locusts, wound round this little hill until it reached the summit and opened a small enclosure, containing two plain marble grave stones, and a white cottage, which stood, like Alciphron's love-bower and tomb, side by side. A short distance from this repository of the "loved and lost," were seen two large and flourishing trees, though of very different appearance. The one being a dense weeping willow, whose tearful branches waved silently above the sleepers; the other a lofty fir, with its dark arms, like the turrets of a watch-tower, flung aloft to the skies. An excellent device, thought I—a beautiful emblem of the sorrow which clings to the buried dust, and the hope which pointeth to heaven. A beautiful emblem of death and immortality. I could have lingered long upon this interesting scene, and the reflections it naturally suggested, but the Deacon had seen me with his spy-glass from the window, and was already opening the gate for my admittance. He expressed much pleasure at beholding me, and soon engrossed me so much in conversation, that I had hardly an opportunity of glancing at the beautiful arbors, grottos and artificial fountains, with which the gardens through which we passed, were decorated.

I did not find the Miss Cummings half so formidable as I had anticipated. They were certainly very elegant and accomplished girls, but they were frank and social, and entirely free from that affected reserve which puts to flight the power as well as desire of intimate acquaintance. There was a striking similarity in the features and expression of their faces, as is usually the case with twins, but one three days visit convinced me that their minds were dissimilar. Harriet was one of earth's happiest creatures; all imagination, kindness and light-heartedness. Unaddicted to deep and conclusive thought, but with a well stored memory, and a heart o'erflowing with pure and gentle affections. Helen, the least handsome of the two, (I quote public opinion,) was by no means a being of sorrow, but possessing a quicker penetration than her sister, and taking a deep interest in the happiness of all around her, whether known or unknown, the various scenes of hopeless misery which came so frequently under her observation, had given to her pale sweet face, young as it was, a tinge of that tender melancholy which seldom fails to affect an amiable and sensitive heart. Yet was she not deficient in the more shining qualities of the mind. She had a most powerful fancy, but it was ever under the control of reason. She was gifted with a calm and winning dignity of manner, which "every eye followed with benisons," and if she made fewer professions of attachment to her friends than many others, the strength of that attachment was never doubted by those that knew her. Such were the two sisters. The one resembling a wild cascade flinging out its light and beauty in glad murmurs to the laughing sun, the other a subterranean stream casting up no boisterous waves, but hushing its low, sweet music in its own silver depths.

I spent a most delightful day at Three Hills, and it may easily be guessed that my *first* visit was not my *last*. No, I found too much congeniality of taste and sentiment to allow me to remain long a stranger or even casual visiter. I soon became a constant one. And do you wonder at this, dear reader? Now without inquiring into your right to be indulged in such equivocal curiosity, I will frankly confess that I was operated upon by two causes, in my visits at Three Hills. In the first place, I was not long in discovering that the favor and approbation of the good Deacon, was equivalent to that of the whole religious world of Z. Of course, his good will was a matter of some importance. Secondly, I learned in a much less period, that one look of kindness from Helen, the beautiful dark-eyed Helen, was sufficient to create a world of itself in my heart. The feelings of that heart I had long neglected to analyze. And when the reckoning did come, I was astonished to find so small a thing so very complicated. Its motions even to me, its owner, were perfectly mysterious. I had at the age of twenty-one, that most susceptible season, been thrown in the way of two very fascinating women, one of whom was a fair-haired daughter of my own native state, the other a converted Jewess, who was beautiful and talented as the Rebecca of Ivanhoe, but I escaped unscathed.

I afterwards boarded three years in the same house with a West India heiress, whose immense wealth was considered the very least of her attractions, and who condescended to treat me with marked defference. I was still heart whole. My friends added, "heart-hardened." And I almost concurred in their opinions, when after listening to the wild warbling of Harriet Cummings' voice at the piano, and drinking the light of her bewildering smile, I detected no answering tone among the harp-strings of feeling. But my hour came at last. The kneeling form of Helen at the hour of evening devotion,

the tremulous earnestness of her dark blue eye,

> As through its rais'd and moisten'd lids
> It sought the spirit throne,

Produced a sensation which convinced me the "star of my heaven" was revealed, and like Zoroaster, I bowed in 'rapt admiration before it.

There is no denying it. Love is the universal ta'isman—the magician of all hearts. Its empire is human nature, and profession offers no bar to its despotic extravagancies.

The acknowledgment of my affection for that gentle and high minded girl, was more like the confession of a despairing criminal, than the suit of a trusting lover. It partook neither of hope or fear, for of these I had not thought. It was simply an involuntary and unreserved outpouring of my soul's warm admiration, a releasing of pent-up sympathies, of wild and dream-like thoughts. I asked, I expected nothing in return. But the generous being to whom I confided my heart's dearest secret, understood better the wishes of that heart. She spoke not of love, but she acknowledged sincere regard, and——and she consented to be mine. Oh the happy days of our betrothment! Bear with me, dear reader, if I linger a moment in that sunniest spot of my existence—that one green isle 'mid the turbulent waters of a long and wearisome life. The lovely Helen little suspected the depth of my idolatry. I would not have had her for worlds; she would have shrunk from me in terror. She knew not that her sweet image continually hovered between me and heaven; that she was ever present to my mind in seasons of contemplation, and even prayer. She knew not that my increasing perseverance in pastoral duties was chiefly to gain favor in her sight, and that the overpowering eloquence which gained me such bursts of applause, was wrung from a heart more deeply consecrated to her, than that Divine Master whose name so often trembled on my lips. Such was the mad worship of my love, and bitterly, bitterly was I punished for disobeying the first, and great commandment.

Time passed on. Our sky was still unclouded. We strayed through the green fields of Three Hills with light and happy hearts. We lingered amid the melancholy beauties of the cottage grave yard. We bent together over the inspired pages of holy writ. We mingled our voices in the vesper hymn, and at the altar of family devotion. But the fall drew near, and Deacon Cummings thought it time to propose the renewal of a right spirit among the churches. The reader is sufficiently acquainted with the character of the Deacon, to anticipate the result. A revival was soon in operation in Z. and never did I know a greater excitement. Every visage suddenly underwent a longitudinal extension; every mind seemed depressed. All labor was suspended; the children were seen kneeling in groups in the corners of the streets, and the aged and the middle aged collected in praying circles with countenances which seemed to forebode some impending calamity. And a calamity was impending. Harriet Cummings, unlike her sister, had ever resisted the influences of the holy spirit. Not that she could be called really irreligious. The doctrines of the blessed Redeemer, the ceremonies of his visible church, were sacred in her eyes, but, agreeable to her own admission, their beautifying principles were not, as with Helen, the streams from whence every thought, and word, and action of her life issued. She had not "given herself to God," as the saying was in those days. She still loved the carnal allurements of the world better than the things of the kingdom. She loved gay company. She loved the Theatre, and was often known to prefer a tete-a-tete with some of Sir Walter Scott's heroines in her own little room, to the sober salutations of pious sisters at the house of prayer. The Deacon often remonstrated, and with harshness, as was his manner, but it affected her not. Helen entreated and prayed. We both of us prayed for her, and with her. Still it availed nothing. For though she listened with the utmost sweetness to all we said to her; nay, would sometimes even weep at the anxiety we manifested for her eternal welfare, she nevertheless continued the same happy child of nature, until the revival of which I have spoken, when a change suddenly became visible in her appearance.

A preacher from a great distance, by the name of ——, conducted the meeting, and he was the most powerful revivalist I ever knew. Harriet attended his meetings strictly. She soon became thoughtful; then melancholy; and was at last, carried home in a state of insanity. Two days and nights did Helen and myself watch by her bedside, and dreadful were the ravings to which we were obliged to listen. On the third day towards evening, she became calm, alas! awfully calm. She called us both to her. She spoke of her past life, as one of bitter rebellion; one that deserved not forgiveness—"and," added she, "it will never obtain forgiveness. Do not weep Helen. Have you not always said we should be resigned? I am resigned. I have seen the great Book of Fate, my sister. Thy name was written among the blessed few who are chosen to minister through a long eternity at the throne of the Almighty, while mine was on the dark and blotted list of the damned! Yes, we shall be separated, Helen, but do not weep so sadly now—save your tears till the day of Judgment, when the mighty King shall frown me down to the pit. I can bear them then, for my heart will be harder. But now I must sleep. Leave me Helen, for my head is very heavy," and she clasped her hands across her swollen eyes. We left the room. Helen went below to her father, while I thought it more prudent to remain in an adjoining chamber. I listened some time at the door, but could hear nothing save an occasional half-breathed sigh, as of one in an uneasy slumber. I took a book and retired to a distant window. I had read through several pages, and quite forgotten my fears, when suddenly my ear was pierced by a low agonizing groan. To burst into the room, was but the work of an instant, but alas! I was too late. That dreadful sound had been wrung out by the parting spirit. She had committed suicide; how, I cannot tell, for my senses even now, reel at the horrid recollection. To describe the feelings of the family at this shocking occurrence, would of course be impossible. An almost idolized daughter—a twin sister—the reader can imagine how the survivors were affected.

The funeral was held in the large hall of the Deacon's own house, which was filled to overflowing. The officiating clergyman was from a considerable distance, and though a stranger to me, I felt encouraged to hope, while gazing on his silver-hairs, and time-dim'd eyes, that he had come prepared to speak peace to the broken hearted. I was mistaken. It was too good an opportunity for a dreadful warning, to be left unimproved. The harrowing circumstances of the poor girl's death, were minutely and callously detailed. Could he only have stopt here! But no! She had died a hardened, impenitent sinner, despising, and despised of God. She had died by her own hands, and thereby precluded even the possibility of salvation. And he quoted the oft repeated, though unscriptural text, "No self-murderer can enter into the kingdom of heaven." [My very heart ached.] But even this was insufficient. He pronounced the final doom of the wrathful Judge upon the lost spirit. He described the parting scene on the confines of the two worlds—he pursued it to the very verge of its flaming, its eternal abode, and there——he was interrupted by a wild and piercing shriek, and the next moment Helen Cummings was carried senseless out of the room.

Oh how long, and in what agony did we hang o'er that pale and apparently lifeless victim. Our hopes waxed faint, and even the physician, (who was luckily in the house at the time,) began to despair of restoring her, when suddenly, she astonished us all by springing like a frightened fawn from her bed. We were perfectly electrified. A single glance, however, at her distorted features unraveled the mystery. She was mad. Her beautiful dark eyes sparkled with all the frenzied fury of a maniac—the white froth bubbled on her lip, and her hands were both clenched in her soft brown tresses.

Weeks, long, long weeks went by, and the dread disease abated not. I seldom saw her. I could not bear to behold her delicate form writhing under restraint, though necessarily imposed. I could not listen to her piteous supplications for her sister's soul. But I could stay near her, I could pray for her, and for myself; aye, and I did pray, as it were, without ceasing. Yet how impotent, how childish were those prayers! "Let her but give signs of returning consciousness, let me but hear one word, see one look of dawning reason, 'tis all I ask." This was the burden of my midnight orisons. Alas! so little do we know the wishes of our own hearts. The spell, (for spell it seemed,) was at length, contrary to all our expectations, broken. She was restored. Her lips played with their former sweet smile, her eye assumed its usual bland and beautiful expression. But she could not speak or even lift a finger, so completely was her strength wasted; and death seemed still to hover near her, unwilling to yield so fair a prize. The Physician ordered every room adjoining hers to be evacuated—every sound of labor to be suspended, for, said he, a word, even a breath may waft her hence. For three weeks not a human being save himself and the nurse, were admitted. At the end of that time, she was allowed to see her father, and afterwards, me. She wept like a little child when I entered the room, and I shame not to acknowledge, dear reader, that our tears were mingled together. She spoke of her long illness, but made no allusion to the cause. She also avoided every thing relating to her deceased sister, of which I was glad, for I dreaded the probable consequences to herself.

"Yes, Frederick," continued she, "I have been very, very sick, and nurse says I was hardly myself some of the time. I remember my head did feel strange, and I think I had some singular fancies. But I am so much better now. I have had a long time for reflection, Frederick, and though I have not been able to read, I have revolved in my mind many of the sweet and comforting sayings of our blessed Book, and I hope it has bettered my heart. Oh! I shall rejoice, when I am again permitted to read and listen to its sublime instructions. And will you not read me a chapter now, Frederick?" "Of course. Have you any choice?" "None, excepting, I think I should prefer something in the *New* Testament." "Well, then, I will read wherever the book happens to open." The leaves parted at the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians. I read to the twenty-third verse, when she interrupted me with, "excuse me, Frederick, but you must have miscalled one word. You said. *As* in Adam *all* die, *even so* in Christ shall *all* be made alive. I presume it reads, 'even so in Christ shall *many* be made alive.'" "No, Helen, I read it right. It is ALL." "Indeed!" replied she musingly. "Well, read on, perhaps it is somewhere explained." "Is it not strange," said she, when I had finished and laid by the book, "is it not strange that I have no recollection of ever reading that chapter? It is entirely new, and I think very interesting too. Does it not contain some new doctrines? It speaks of a mystery, that we shall

all be changed after death. Do you suppose this possible?" "Why, yes, Helen, we shall undoubtedly appear at the resurrection with bodies different from those we now possess." "But does this change regard only the outward form? It says we shall be made alive in Christ; that this corruptible shall put on incorruption; that Christ is to rule until he has put all enemies under his feet; and Death is called the last enemy, and that is to be swallowed up in victory. What can it all mean?" I did not inform her what it meant, for the simple reason that I did not happen to know myself; but I told her I presumed she could easily satisfy herself in relation to it, when she was sufficiently recovered to investigate abstruse subjects, and here the matter dropt.

I was soon after this, summoned home, (about forty miles distant,) to see my father, whose demise was daily expected. He however recovered, though almost miraculously, and I was enabled to return in a couple of weeks, being much sooner than I had anticipated. I found strange rumors afloat in Z. to which, as rumors, I at first gave little heed. The substance of them was, that Miss Cummings had become skeptical in regard to the main doctrines of the church, and that the matter was soon to be investigated in due form in council. I soon visited Three Hills. The Deacon, as was his custom, met me at the gate, but I saw at a glance, that all was not right. A settled gloom was on his brow, partaking I thought, however, more of anger than sorrow. I hastened to inquire after the health of his daughter. The old man bit his lip. "Frederick Grey," said he sternly, "that perverse girl will be my undoing. She will bring these gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I thought when our poor Harriet was taken away, that my cup of bitterness was drained; but it was nothing to this, Frederick, it was nothing to this." "And to what, pray, can you allude?" asked I, in a faltering voice, for his manner alarmed me, "what can you possibly mean?" "To what do I allude? And have you not heard, do you not know, that Helen, our pious, our sainted Helen, has become a rank Universalist?" "A *Universalist!*" ejaculated I, scarcely able to articulate the word, "God forbid—'tis impossible. She has never read their works; she has never heard one preach, or even seen one. How then can it be? 'Tis impossible—there is some mistake." "No, Frederick, 'tis too true, for though she does not plead guilty to the *name*, her sentiments are precisely theirs. She talks of the promise made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; of the fullness of the Gentiles; of the whole world's remembering and turning to the Lord. She *is* a believer in that most abhorent doctrine. Alas! that I should live to know it." And how, pray, has this been brought about? "Ah! that is the mystery. She says that a better acquaintance with the character of the Divine Being, has convinced her of the unreasonableness of the doctrine of endless misery. And she draws arguments in support of her favorite theory, both from nature and Revelation; only think, Frederick, from *Revelation!* And it seems as if she must be leagued with the prince of the power of the air, for she has, by the aptness of her woman's tongue, put to flight three of our most enlightened brethren. To you alone, do I look for hope. *You* have some influence. Save her if possible, from this dreadful infatuation, this suggestion of the devil, and thereby wipe off the foulest blot that ever darkened the name of Cummings."

The unconscious subject of our colloquy met me at the parlor door, with one of her sweetest smiles. "I have been hoping all this afternoon, said she, that you might get back in time to help me to admire this splendid sunset. Just so it looded yesterday, but there was nobody to enjoy it with me, for Papa is quite abstracted lately, and seems to be losing his taste for our quiet scenery." "And Miss Cummings is resuming hers." "Why, yes, I dont know but I am. The world certainly unfolds new beauties every day. The flowery fields look fairer, the sun brighter, and my heart feels light, and almost happy. For

'I cannot go where *Universal Love* not smiles around.'"

"Helen," I exclaimed, rather reproachfully, "from recent circumstances I should think your feelings would be of a very different nature." "I perfectly understand you," replied she, her soft eyes filling with tears, "but I fear you do not me. When our dear Harriet died, I felt as if my very soul was halved. Oh! you know, Frederick, that my sorrow was greater than I could bear. But what added to the poignancy of that sorrow? Was it not the thought that our separation was eternal? That bitter cup, my brother, has been removed from me. The Lord hath shown me that we shall meet again in peace, when he shall gather together in one all things in Christ. And is it strange, that my poor heart should become buoyant at this sudden transition from despair to hope?" "Helen," said I, deeply agitated, "you are certainly tampering with your soul's salvation. You are clinging to a wild and dangerous heresy—you are fastening in your soul a doctrine which takes away every salutary restraint from society and loosens the darkest passions of the human heart." "Your accusations are very, very serious," she replied, "and they shall not remain unnoticed. You say I am tampering with my soul's salvation. And is it doing this to place myself unreservedly in the hands of my savior; to build my faith upon the immoveable rock of ages? Is it a dangerous heresy to believe that the will of the Lord shall prosper in his hand, until he has done all his pleasure? That he will turn away ungodliness from Jacob? And that all the ends of the earth shall behold his salvation? Is it loosing the darkest passions of the human heart, to be convinced that the way of the transgressor is hard? That his punishment is certain and immediate? and that it is the *goodness*, and not the *badness* of God, which leadeth to repentance? Believe me, Frederick, you have greatly mistaken the nature of the sentiments you so cruelly impeach. For they not only correspond with the plainest declarations of scripture, but also with the holiest desires of the human heart. You bring this argument in support of Christianity, against Deism, that the Almighty has implanted in every heart an unconquerable thirst for immortality. Hence, if he is a God of goodness, that desire must be gratified. And may not this argument be extended? Has he not also implanted in every breast a desire for the immortality of others? Yea, for the happy immortality of the whole human race? And may we not on the same grounds expect it? While I was a Partialist, (and I have been one many, alas, too many years,) I enjoyed many seasons of what I then thought devotional happiness. That happiness I now feel to have been but negative; a miserable exemption from the pangs of acute suffering; an occasional forgetting of the uncertainties of eternity, or a slight and scarce perceptible hope that the mercies of the Lord might at some far-off period encircle the whole creation. Of how different a character is my present enjoyment. The scales have fallen from my eyes. I *know* that mine and the *world's* Redeemer liveth. That he is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. I have found the golden thread of promise. I have traced it in all its beautiful windings back to the ocean from whence it emanated, even the shoreless ocean of Almighty love, and no more do I doubt the final restitution of all things, than I do the truth of my own existence.

Her father who had stood in the door, unperceived, during a great part of the conversation, now entered. His eye flashed fire. "Helen," said he, in a voice hoarse with conflicting emotions. "Helen, you have pronounced your own doom, you have acknowledged yourself a —— a —— I will not pollute my lips with the ungodly name; but you have pronounced your final doom. Henceforth you are to me a stranger. Prepare to depart, for as I hope for mercy, this house shall no longer be contaminated by one, (child though she be,) professing such damnable heresy. You shall go, Helen—aye, and pennyless too, a beggar like the rest of that miserable and deluded denomination." "Father! father!" cried the trembling girl, flinging her arms wildly around his neck, and bursting into tears, "father, I would not leave you for worlds. Poor Harriet is gone, and who would be left to take care of you in your declining years? Who would nurse you in sickness? Who would love and comfort you like an only daughter? Oh! do not drive me from you. I will submit to any restriction. I will not be called a Universalist, if the name is so disagreeable; I will only be called a *Christian*. But I cannot, dear father, I am sure I cannot, leave you." "And will you give up your mad notions then?" inquired he, slightly relaxing his stern features at this strong evidence of filial attachment. "Will you renounce the Christless doctrine of free salvation?" "Never! father," she answered, drawing hastily back, and pressing her hand to her heart, "never will I do this! I cannot be a hypocrite! I cannot deny the Lord who bought me! If *these* are the conditions, then indeed *must* we part, though my heart should break in the struggle. *Father, I am ready for the* SACRIFICE!" "Go, then, destroyer of my peace," exclaimed he, "go as soon as may be, but *remember*, that *the curse of an abused, and gray haired father shall follow you to your grave.*" The old man left the room with measured steps, while Helen sank almost fainting to a seat.

For a long time all was hushed in silence.—Neither of us spake, and but for an occasional deep-drawn sigh, apparently wrung from an aching heart, I should have feared the wounded spirit had sought its native element—the skies. But the oil was poured upon the troubled waters, and they were calm. She arose and sought me at the window, where the rays of the full moon were dispelling the gloom of twilight. "Frederick," said she, in a voice of tender melancholly, "there still remains one unsevered tie. It also must be broken, that I may be wedded alone to my Savior. Yet, may it not be rudely severed. Oh! Frederick, I could not live to hear a curse from *your* lips." "And I, Helen—I should die in pronouncing it. No, I cannot speak harshly to one so fondly loved, but I can pity you, and I do heartily. O! is there no hand to pluck you as a brand from the burning?—Will neither arguments or entreaties avail?—Must you sacrifice every thing---your home, your friends, your reputation, and even your immortal soul to this wretched fantasy?"—"Frederick," murmured she in a voice, low, and sweet as an angels, and taking my hand between her own, "Frederick, do you see yon beauteous moon? Its beams are gentle and subduing. They visit alike the sterile rock and fruitful field—they linger upon my hand as well as yours—*there* is no partiality. Such, dear brother, is the love of our father above. It has no favorites—it is limitless as the blessed light of heaven. Like the sweet rains of spring, it falleth upon the just and upon the unjust, it encompasseth the whole earth. And call it not a fantasy, Frederick, that my heart should burn to proclaim that love. A flame is kindled on the altar of gratitude, it would flash out into the surrounding darkness, it would communicate a portion of its light and warmth to the spirits of others. Frederick, my resolution is taken, irrevocably taken. I will forsake all

things for Christ. I may effect little, but if I succeed by divine grace in releasing one soul from the bondage of that fear which hath torment—in speaking peace to one error-stricken heart, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain. But pardon me, I would now speak of different things.

"Our vows are registered in heaven, but our hands can never be united on earth. Frederick, you are free! Yet look not thus reproachfully on me. You cannot surely doubt the sincerity of my attachment. Oh! you may doubt almost every thing, sooner than that. And now that we may never meet again this side of the grave, I will confess to you, what in its extent, no other circumstances should ever wring from me. My love for you has been pure, and deep, as the fountain of life itself. It reared its altar in the very temple of feeling; it sent up its sacred fires through all seasons; it mingled its glowing incense with every thought and hope of my being. Seldom, Oh! Frederick Grey, seldom hath woman loved as I have loved. The sentiment is still strong at my heart. But stronger is the love of truth and a crucified Redeemer—WE MUST PART! Yet do not quite forget me, Frederick. Let the beautiful seasons of our past happiness and communion sometimes be present with you. And may the Lord bless you and give you that peace which passeth understanding——FAREWELL!" I could not speak—I could only press her hand in silence to my lips, for my heart was crushed, and my spring-day hopes, like the seared and withered leaves of winter, lay quivering at my feet. I did not see her again, for receiving the next day an invitation to settle in one of the western states, I immediately accepted it.

Nine years passed away, during which time I heard nothing from Helen Cummings, save that she had left her father, and that father had willed away her inheritance to a dissipated Nephew. My own little history meanwhile was distinguished by nothing remarkable save a change of sentiment in regard to religion, and an installation as Pastor over a small but interesting Universalist society in lieu of a flourishing Presbyterian church. This change in my views of the Divine character was produced by a variety of causes, though I always believed the first good seed to have been sown by Helen Cummings. Business at length called me to the east, and as the city of Z. lay nearly in my route, I concluded to visit it, and exchange a friendly greeting with the friends of "Auld lang Syne." It was early one bright spring afternoon that I drew up my horse at the door of a small public house in the village of Sullivan, a little place 40 miles west of Z. and which I very well remember as being some years before the Diocess of a brother clergyman, who wrote me soon after his removal there, that the inhabitants were below all hope of reformation, and that he was about leaving them in despair. This recollection would probably have carried me directly through the village, but I saw what I took to be a funeral procession forming a short distance ahead and concluded to wait till it was past.—I found no one within, except a very old lady who sat at the parlor window, watching the people as they came out of the church door, she arose at my entrance and politely offered me a seat which I accepted. I observed that her eyes were red with weeping, by which I naturally conjectured the deceased to have been a near relation. The procession soon came by. It consisted of several hundred very respectable looking persons, nearly half of whom were dressed in deep mourning. As the hearse passed, followed by several young women whose forms were nearly shrouded by long black veils, the old lady buried her face in her hands and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

The deceased must have been very dear to you madam, I ventured to observe. "Oh yes," sobbed she, "she was very, very dear to us all—dear as our own lives. Could you but have known her, sir, so beautiful, so learned, so pious! She came a stranger among us, eight or nine years ago. Oh! we were in a sad state then. Our Minister who loved us not, had just left us.—We had neither meetings or schools. Our young men were intemperate and profane; our young women ignorant, idle and mischievous, and our children ran like so many little savages about the streets. But she came like a ministering spirit among us, and the aspect of things changed. She told us of the dear love of our father in heaven, and her words were sweet as the manna in the wilderness. She taught a day-school and a Sabbath school. She encouraged reading meetings, until heaven should send us a good minister, and she planned sewing and other societies for the improvement of our young ladies. We were soon a changed people. Every body loved the young School-mistress for her sweet face, and mild and affectionate disposition; and the interest she took in all our little affairs, made us anxious to please her in return. Idleness and intemperance rapidly decreased.—Our children became obedient and refined, and none of our young men was hardy enough to indulge any longer in the disgusting sin of profanity. But alas! she is gone, and never, *never* shall we look upon her like again. Yet does she speak to us—her last words are with us—they will never be forgotten. "Weep not for me, dear friends," said the departing angel, weep not for me. I am only called a little before.—You will soon follow. And we shall sing together the song of Moses and the Lamb in the dear presence of our 'Father and our God.'"

"And pray, madam, said I, deeply affected with her singular narrative, "pray what was the name of this extraordinary young person?" "IT WAS HELEN CUMMINGS."

Original.

THE RAINBOW.

BY CHARLES SPEAR.

Triumphal arch that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits o alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.—*Campbell.*

Among the various objects creation presents to the eye, there is no one more lovely and beautiful than the rainbow. Could it but remain, I could stand and gaze upon its glories forever.—It is a fulfillment of God's ancient promise. He bent it in his hand and placed it in the heavens. Century after century has rolled on in the rapid flight of time. Generations have started into being and gone down to the tomb. Earth's changes have passed in quick succession before the eye. The glories of kingdoms have brightened, grown dim and passed away. But heaven's bow is as bright and lovely as when the showers departed from the deluged earth, and it first caught the eye of the patriarch of a new world.

"As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man."

The bow is a type of some of the scenes of man's existence. The storms of affliction gather thick around him, and beat fiercely as Nature's tempests play around the unsheltered traveller upon the mountain's height. The heaven's gather blackness. The clouds muffle up in awful grandeur. Not a bright spot is seen. Jehovah now

"Rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Soon the clear blue sky appears. Then the Great Father puts out his bow. So, as the clouds of adversity clear up, God paints for man the rainbow of Hope.

"Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When man and Nature mourned their first decay;
* * * * * *
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again,
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind."

God's bow is a sublime type of that calm and peaceful eternity that will succeed the storms of life. There hope will be lost in reality: faith will merge into vision. Oh! how the mind is lifted up by the contemplation of this scene. Earth fades from the vision, and all the glories of heaven succeed. To this period, the soul delights to turn. Then it forgets its sorrows in the anticipation of joys beyond the grave. Now God puts out his bow, but other storms must succeed. But in eternity, we dwell in the light and glory of an eternal day. There the rose never fades. There the sun never sets. There the spring never passes away. There the stars never lose their brightness. There the rainbow will be painted on the arch of heaven forever.

Yet there are those who can doubt a future existence and treat all its glories with contempt; who believe that man lies down in his grave as his everlasting dwelling place. "It cannot be," says a writer, in language as beautiful as the subject on which he dwells, "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothing. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of the earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which "hold their festival around the midnight throne," are set above our limited faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades---where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever."

Original.

MERITED REBUKE.

A few weeks since, an opposing brother repeated to an aged minister of the reconciliation a slanderous report against Universalism. He appeared to enjoy the matter exceedingly, and seemed to consider the story entirely destructive to the doctrine of universal salvation. The aged brother fixed his eye on the opponent of the faith, and said, Do you believe that story? "Why I heard the circumstance related as being true." That does not answer my question: do you believe such a circumstance ever occurred? do you believe the story? "Why no, I must confess it appears improbable, and I do not think it is true." Very good; and now, sir, give me leave to ask you, which is most to be condemned, the person who raises a false report, or the person who circulates it, *believing* it to be false? "The latter," was the self-condemnatory reply, and the conversation was turned into another channel.

VERITAS.

MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1834

INTRODUCTORY.

Kind patrons and friends, by the present No. it will be seen that we are again brought to the threshold of another year of our labors in the management of this paper. How rapid the flight of time! And what changes mark its course! Three years since, (and still it seems but a day,) the Messenger first appealed to you, with much hesitation and fearfulness as to the issue, for countenance and support. Its prospects then were comparatively dark and cheerless.—Many difficulties were spread out before it, and its continuance was completely enshrouded in doubt and uncertainty. In the good providence of God it has been prospered to that degree—perhaps beyond what we could have reasonably expected, in view of *all* the circumstances—that it can now take its stand confidently among its fellow laborers, with no fears as to its future prosperity or continuance, save in the deliberate and wanton sacrifice of that character which it has been fortunate enough to attain. It is mete for us, perhaps, to stop awhile at this point of our journey, and reflect for a few moments upon the past, as well in regard to the general cause in which we are engaged, as to ourselves, that we may note the blessings and the success which have marked the way, and gather therefrom, if possible, new incentives to exertion and perseverance, for the future.

But little over half a century since, and there was only one individual in the whole bounds of America, lifting up his voice publicly in defence of the impartial and efficient grace of heaven; and he was pursued with bitterness, despised and insulted, and in some instances violently assaulted, even with *stones*, by a bigoted populace, for no other offence than a peaceable proclamation of his mild and heavenly doctrine, *that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself*. And now how changed the scene! Such has been the progress of that glorious and soul-cheering faith which he proclaimed, that a period of a little over *fifty* years presents us with hundreds (we suppose from 800 to 1000) flourishing societies, and *four* to *five* hundred able and zealous public advocates. From the little lump of leaven deposited by the venerated Murray, have arisen a host.—The doctrine has continued to spread, imparting its life-giving powers, until there can be found scarcely a city, town, or village in our highly favored land, which has not its faithful and ardent defender of "the faith once delivered to the saints." From weakness it has passed to comparative strength and now possesses a character and influence which commands respect from the candid and well informed among its opposers, and excites dread and apprehension with the more designing among them, however much they affect to regard it beneath their respectful notice.

How is this brethren? You, and I, and community at large, were for a long period told that Universalism was too ridiculous, too weak, and too inconsistent a thing to merit serious attention! How many times have we heard it asserted, that it was so absurd it would sufficiently refute itself! How is it, that in all its absurdity and weakness, it has spread in this unparalled manner? And particularly against that tide of bigoted opposition which it has had to encounter? Surely those assertions against it, can be no longer a compliment to the candor and good sense of its opposers, with present evidences of its rapid progress. The truth is, friendly reader, the doctrine possesses a simplicity, and in that very simplicity lies a power—the power and majesty of *truth*—which has borne down, and will continue to bear down every obstacle placed in the way of its advancement by a perverse and gainsaying world. The little Davids, armed with the sling of truth, have gone out fearlessly to the contest with the Goliaths of religious error, and the mighty God of Jacob will nerve them to the battle, and permit them to return rejoicing in victory.

In the short space of one year how great the change.—Many houses of worship have been erected, numerous societies have been organized, and a very great accession has been made to our ministry. The Minutes of the recent session of the General Convention of Universalists for the United States, although they give imperfect returns, and but few of the states were represented, nevertheless present us with the most encouraging prospects. Then why shall we not thank God, and take courage? We do, most devoutly. In the success of the past, we have an earnest of future prosperity, if Universalists are only faithful to themselves.

Another powerful incentive, to ourselves particularly, is the steady and gratifying success which has attended the paper from its commencement, and the favorable influence which we have reason to suppose it has wrought in the bounds of its immediate circulation. This, of itself, is sufficient to call forth the most lively gratitude to Him who hath alone strengthened its conductors in the discharge of their duty; and to induce their most willing efforts for its future usefulness.

Before taking leave of the reader in this article, we would say a few words on the character and management of the paper. From its first commencement, it has been the constant endeavor of its conductors to give it a character *consistent* with its *title*, a "*Christian Message*" to its readers—a *message* of "peace and good will to all mankind"—a *message* of kindness and charity to opposers as well as friends. And if at any time its columns have taken on even the "appearance" of undue severity, we beg it to be kindly forgotten, for such has never been intended. We would not if consistent with a proper respect for ourselves, and our opinions, have an enemy on earth. We would look in charity upon all, so far as plain, incontrovertible facts do not interfere; and even in the manifest transgressions of others, we would rather pity, than condemn, them. This our profession certainly calls for, and just in the proportion that we fail here, just in that proportion we fail in manifesting the exalted and ennobling influences of our doctrine to the world, through our walk and conduct in life.

We have at times, we know, used "great plainness of speech." Occasions, in our opinion, (and this must be *our* guide,) have called for it. When our opposers not only manifestly trample in the dust all christian requirements, in their zeal to put down our faith, but violate the plainest principles of courtesy between man and man, we feel justified in "rebuking them sharply." We have the example, too, of Him who is the highest possible mark for our imitation, to sustain us in it.

We should rejoice greatly in seeing our opposing brethren lay aside their spirit of exclusiveness, and extend to us christian kindness, and no longer proscribe us simply for a *name*. And we have often thought, too, what a foretaste we might here receive of heaven, were there only a disposition among men to enjoy their own opinions, and allow the same privilege peaceably to others; and a determination manifested to estimate every one by their *practice*, instead of their *profession*. We do not desire men to settle down listless and inactive—unconcerned as to the truth or falsity of any given proposition. This no one should do. They should search for truth, as for hid treasures. And neither should they, if convinced of the truth of any particular proposition, be indifferent as to the extension of those views.—But we *do* desire to see them blend with their zeal, a becoming respect for the feelings of others, no more, and possibly less, frail than themselves. If they cannot convince, let them not proscribe for mere opinion sake. In this way they may fulfill the golden rule of doing unto others as they would that others should do unto them, which to do, is the height of that perfection attainable here below.

With these feelings and observations we submit this first No. of another volume to our readers and the public, anxiously desiring that we, and all who from time to time may be speaking through its columns, may be endowed with that wisdom from above "which is first pure, gentle," and "without partiality;" and that through its heavenly and benign influence we may be enabled to adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things, and recommend it to the world by the strongest united testimony and influence that can possibly be conceived of—that of *precept* and *example*. P.

HEROD WAS SORRY.

The birth-day of Herod was celebrated with joy and rejoicing. His friends sat with him at meat, and the daughter of Herodius came in and danced before the company. The king was so delighted with her performance, that "he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask." And the damsel said, "Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger." When Herod heard the demand, *he was sorry*—from which fact it is obvious, 1st. That he was ignorant of what her demand would be; and 2d. That could he have foreseen the consequence, he would not have made the promise above mentioned. The king was perplexed.—He was in a dilemma. A choice of evils was before him. On the one hand, he wished to preserve the life of John; on the other, he had promised to give the damsel whatsoever she should ask. "For his oath's sake, and for them that sat with him at meat," he commanded that John should be beheaded.

Popular theology supposes, that God gave man a law, with the penalty of endless punishment annexed. It is conceded, on all hands, that he desires the salvation of all mankind. Put that supposition and this concession together—and does it not follow, that God is sorry he ever gave man such a law? Can God desire the salvation of all mankind without being sorry that, by Divine appointment, some men will inevitably be damned? Herod was sorry—because he could not, consistently with his oath, preserve the life of the Baptist. So it is supposed that God *would* save all men, if he could do so consistently with his justice; and to say that he *desires* universal salvation, is to say, in effect, that he is *sorry* he ever made a law which will prevent the fulfillment or gratification of such benevolent desires. Will it do to say, that when God gave the law referred to, *he did not know* that any one would ever incur the penalty? The reader is requested to answer this question to his own satisfaction.

Again. When we inquire *what good* endless punishment could do to the sufferer, we are properly told that it could not do him *any* good. When we inquire whether it could be of any advantage to God, to angels, or to saints, we are properly answered in the negative. When we inquire to what end it will be inflicted, we are informed that God has threatened it, and if he does not fulfil his word, his law will be dishonored—yea, his own glory and honor will be tarnished in the sight of an assembled universe. This answers exactly to the reasoning of Herod:—"for his oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat," he ordered John to be beheaded! although he was *sorry* to be under the necessity of so doing! Herod violated the laws of humanity, and did violence to the benevolent desires of his own heart—and the cause of all this evil is found in his *ignorance* of what would be the consequence of his oath! And in view of the foregoing reasoning, I hesitate not to say, that in case endless misery proves true, the cause of the evil will be found in the ignorance of Deity touching the consequences of giving a law with the penalty of endless punishment annexed. I ask the reader to consider this subject attentively, for I am persuaded he will unite in my judgment. I repeat, that if God desires the salvation of all mankind—(and if he does not, he must either desire the damnation of a part, or be altogether indifferent in relation to the subject; neither of which positions will be admitted)—I say, if God desires the salvation of all mankind, he must be sorry that his own law and justice will eternally prevent this desirable consummation of the Gospel economy. And to say that he is sorry for this cause, is to concede, that in giving the law he was ignorant of what the consequences would be!

Christian reader! the whole difficulty may be removed "in the twinkling of an eye." God never made man amenable to an infinite law. The consequences of human actions are finite and limited, as are all our powers. The desire of Deity for the ultimate salvation of all mankind, is in nowise inconsistent with the declaration, that "he will render to every man according to his works." The law is not against the promises of God. They harmonize in their glorious result—the subjection of the rational universe to the gentle dominion of love divine. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."—This is the sum total of the law. And what is the Gospel? It is neither more nor less than this—the joyous annunciation that, in the dispensation of the fullness of times, this law shall be universally obeyed. Can we suppose that God is sorry he ever made this law? Is any one sorry to learn that no jot or tittle thereof shall pass until all be fulfilled? God forbid.

We have seen the nature of Herod's oath and promise—let us look for a moment at the oath and promise of the King of kings and Lord of lords. "I have sworn by myself, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear, surely shall say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." God will not require his creatures to swear to any thing but the truth. "In blessing I will bless thee; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the nations, families and kindreds of the earth be blessed." That seed was Christ—and it is written, "God is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent. Hath he said, and will he not do it? hath he spoken, and will he not make it good?" It is also written, that God, "willing *more abundantly* to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by *two immutable things*, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us." A. C. T.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

The divine goodness is infinite in its purity, depth, richness. We are accustomed to speak of some men as good—as not only solicitous for the happiness of their fellow men, but as doing good, and according to the power God has given them, advancing that happiness in others which they desire for themselves. But all human goodness, however exalted it may be, is still *finite*. The divine alone is *infinite*. With human goodness there is ever more or less imperfection. Low passions often mingle with our loftiest designs: the corrupting influences of selfishness creep in to mar our most generous purposes. Petty rivalries, unworthy resentments and suspicions check the free current of our benevolence, and cool, and too often destroy, our love. Under the various influences to which we are exposed, friendship often falters and even the spirit of religion itself declines in our bosoms. But the goodness of God is *perfect*. It is pure above our highest thoughts. No evil mingles with it: in the divine mind there are no malignant passions that clamor for gratification. There goodness appears conspicuous because it stands alone and unstained by the operation of a counteracting principle. We strive in vain to comprehend the richness of this divine attribute. Soar in thought, as we may, it is still above us—*infinitely* above. Our most vivid conceptions of such goodness are poor and feeble.

The inspired writers seem to labor in vain for language to express their own deep feelings, their glorious views on this subject. They gather similes from the purest of all earthly affection and benevolence, and yet appear conscious that they but faintly shadow forth the perfection of the divine goodness and love. Indeed, when we rise to the contemplation of this attribute in God our minds are lost in wonder and admiration. It is then we see and feel that all human goodness is nothing—that it is not a drop in a bucket, nor a very small dust in the balance—indeed, that it is obscured and lost in comparison with that which is infinite and divine.

We think of those whom the world has united in calling good—the worthies of ancient and modern times, whose exalted virtue enabled them to "do and to bear" in the cause of suffering humanity. We think of their labors voluntarily undergone, of their trials nobly encountered, of their sufferings endured without repining, for the welfare of mankind. We think of the milder but still more attractive virtues of some of the female sex—their deep, warm hearted and unquenchable love, a love that no adversity could destroy or weaken, but which seemed to gain strength in the very trials to which it was exposed and to cling the closer to its object for the tempest that was raging around it. We think of the patient and unrepining mother, whom no watchings can tire, but who bends like a guardian angel over the cradle of her suffering child, and ministers with such tenderness as none but mothers feel to its wants, and whose bosom thrills with an inexpressible joy when she sees it smile. We think, in short, of all the forms in which patriotism and love and benevolence have manifested themselves in the history of our race, and while our soul is kindling with an honest pride that we participate in a nature capable of such noble and generous action, we sink overwhelmed with astonishment when Christ with authoritative voice tells us that all this deserves not the name of goodness—and that in the wide universe "there is none *good* but one, that is God!" O, the infinite goodness of God! Who can comprehend it? Who can suficiently admire, adore it? It constitutes Jehovah's true greatness, his real glory. Compared with this, the martyr's spirit of devotion, the purest earthly friendship, even parental affection and kindness fade away into insignificance.

We know this is not the manner in which men have generally been taught to think and speak. We have have been told that it is unsafe to compare the goodness of God—the love he bears to the human race, with parental love. We acknowledge it unsafe, but only so, as parental love strong and enduring as it is, is still poor and weak and worthless in comparison with the goodness of our heavenly Father. Like a beautiful star in evening this parental love when contemplated alone, seems worthy and admirable, but when brought into the presence of infinite goodness or love, like that star surrounded with the glories of the risen sun, it vanishes and is seen no more.

Yet imperfect as the comparison is, the inspired writers have gladly seized upon it as one of the most forcible within their reach, to set forth that goodness which passeth all understanding. Listen to the following touching appeal of our Divine Master. "What man is there of you whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good things to your children, *how much more* shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him."

Remember, reader, in all your thoughts and all your words on this great subject that you are evil, and that God is the only good—that he consequently is as much better than you as heaven is higher than the earth. S.

Original.

THE DESERTED CHILD.

BY C. F. LE FEVRE.

I have often dwelt with delight in the hour of meditation, on that strong and deathless passion, parental affection. What a wise provision has God made for the weaknesses and frailties of childhood in the enduring love of the parent! To what fretfulness, disobedience and perverseness will the parent submit, while he cherishes the transgressing child with unabated affection! Holy and heavenly principle, pure drop of that water of life, which flows from the unfathomed ocean of infinite love!

I have reversed the picture and throwing loose the reins, I have started at the frightful sketch she has portrayed to my mind. I have seen in fancy's vision a son, who disregarding the admonitions of a father and despising the tears of a mother, had left the paternal roof to seek his fortune on the "mountain wave." Returning from his perilous voyage, within sight of the home of his childhood, the storms arise, the waves are piled up in mountains, the vessel strikes against a rock and all perish but the wayward sailor boy. He clings to the rock, climbs its summit and there he sits, a solitary being, an exile to the world. He sees his father's house on the margin of the coast. He contemplates the scenes of his boyish pleasures. He sees the blaze of the fire streaming through the windows and fancy leads him to look upon that dear circle of father and mother, brothers and sisters, the nearest resemblance which the mind can form to that happy abode of beautified spirits, where all is harmony and all is love. Cold, wet and bruised he watches the last vestiges of his home, till the darkness of night closes the scence How his heart sinks within him, his very spirit would die, but Hope holds him up: it whispers of pleasures yet to come, and he consoles himself with the thought that when the morning breaks, day advances, he will make some signal to his father, who will come to his relief. After a night of anguish, the morning breaks. He sees the smoke curling from the chimney of his beloved home. He hears the bustle of busy laborers. Shortly the door opens; he sees his father contemplating the havoc of the storm. He waves his handkerchief and the signal is seen. The father goes down to the beach; he pushes off the boat; he arrives near the rock and there in the deserted sailor boy, he recognizes his own child. Oh how does the heart of that son leap for joy! to be delivered from his perishing condition and that deliverance to be effected by a father's hand! what ecstacy! O come, dear father, and save your poor perishing child. Gracious heaven! the father turns away. He even upbraids his disobedience. The paternal love is dead. The relationship is destroyed. Hear his doom from a father's lips. "Ungrateful, headstrong boy, perish *as you deserve*. Call me not father, I am your enemy, your bitterest enemy. Die, wretch, and may heaven prolong your existence only to taste all the bitterness of a lingering dissolution."

Where is that wretched son? or rather who is that monstrous father? You must ask the Partialist. He is not recognized in the doctrines and faith of the Universalist.

Original.

THE UNIVERSALIST'S SOLILOQUY.

BY B. B. HALLOCK.

* * * * * How sweetly the birds are singing their matin songs; there is melody even in the gurgling stream that passes by. Here I will sit down beneath a branching elm for secret and sober meditation.

But what do I see yonder streaking with soft golden radiance the eastern sky? The sun is rising in his majesty. 'Tis new-born day! the curling mists are fleeting from before his beams, the distant landscape is slowly emerging from the thick shades of night, the dew-drops are sparkling in his mellow light, new objects present themselves to my delighted eyes.

"The sun is indeed glorious, but He who made the sun, is far more glorious." The glory of the one, is but a faint emblem of the eternal glory of the other. He who formed the light, shall He not see? He who made the sun for all, is He not benevolent to all? Amidst all the vast works of the Creator, by which I am surrounded, among the multitudes of created beings upon whom the sun is dawning, am I, a frail worm of mortality, regarded by Him? I do indeed feel that he is near; that I am a subject of His goodness.

I recognize in yon smoking hamlet, the abode of wretchedness and ruin; the tall weeds enclose it, the rags are dangling from its shattered windows. There goes its haggard tenant, just returning from his nightly orgies. His beggared family, perhaps, have passed a sleepless night, anxious for his return, suffering from hunger, or the cold damps of night. Will the sun, slowly coming from behind the hill, shine upon *his* dwelling? *It will.* Will the gentle showers descend upon *his* garden overrun with weeds and nettles? *They will.* "God is good to all." His benevolence is universal. Oh who will set bounds to His incomprehensible love. It is an ocean without a shore, "its centre is *every where*, its circumference *no where*." It is on *this*, which I build my faith in a world's salvation. "God is Love." This *was* His nature when He formed man of the dust of the ground; this *was* His nature when He sent His Son to give "His life for the world,"—this *will be* His nature in all coming time, in boundless eternity.

But am I right? Have I reason to believe that all mankind will be eventually saved from sin and death, from the fact that God is benevolent to all? Look at that loathsome drunkard, whom I just saw returning to his injured home, a bloated wreck, a common pest. *God is love.* He is benevolent. But I see what evil and misery there are in the world, notwithstanding. May I not conclude that evil may exist in the *next* state of existence, and God still be benevolent? Sin abounds here in "all its sad variety of form," and I do not argue from it that the Deity *lacks* love or benevolence. Why may not sin reign in all its horrors in the nether world, and be punished there, without impugning this adorable love? But limited sin may be overruled for good. It does not argue a *want* of Divine love, that sin exists *now*, any more than it follows that the *sun* is not the great source of light and heat, because his glory is sometimes obscured by lowering clouds. If sin is to reign over a portion of God's intelligent creation, making them wretched to all eternity, I can see no benevolence displayed in *giving* them existence, much less in prolonging it. It will be incompatible with love, to allow a *positive* evil to exist, which is *never* to be succeeded by ultimate good. I was created in love, that love *sustains* me, and it will *save* me, it will save the *world* from sin and misery.

I cannot reconcile the idea of *endless* sinning with the plain declarations of scripture. "Christ was manifested that He might destroy death,

and him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil. "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." "He shall save His people from their sins." "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord." "God will have all men to be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth," &c. &c. These, and similar passages, with which the Bible abounds, impress my mind with the idea that none are to be endless sinners, and if this be true, there is no *endless* misery.

But suppose yonder Bacchanalian should be taking his death-sleep. Perhaps heaven's mysterious Messenger is now winging his way from the throne of Justice, with the solemn edict, "cut him down," seal up his probation, and "drive him away in his wickedness." How can *he* be saved? Will grace be offered him in the eternal world? Will the gospel sound in the ears of the damned? Do not these queries arise from the faint lingerings of early prejudices? from the fact that but a short time ago, I believed the unseen world to be the abode of howling demons and wailing spirits? that this life is the *only* season "to 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven?"

If this wretch is never to be saved; (and I understand by salvation, deliverance from sin;) if with him there are thousands who die ignorant of God, having their hearts polluted with sin, and must remain so as long as the throne of God shall stand, what does this *one* passage mean? (omitting all the rest.) "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Him." This must include all wicked, as well as good men, and if any are to remain in sin throughout eternity, how can all *turn* unto the Lord and *worship* Him? How can the sins of the world be taken away? How can Christ be said "to have given himself a ransom for all?" I feel convinced, (and if "I'm wrong, Lord teach my heart to find that *better* way,") that in the "restitution of all things" the captives of sin shall go free, death will be conquered, and evil itself shall die.

Here in this calm retreat, with no eye upon me but His, which never sleeps, let my heart answer this question: Does not such a faith cut asunder the restraints to sin, and palsy every emotion of love and obedience to my God? No, it does not. But it teaches me how short, oh! how infinitely short I come, of imitating such boundless love; a love which extends to every enemy, and embraces a world. It teaches me to regard every individual of the human race, as a brother, and to exercise my love and compassion towards those who are my enemies and persecutors. While I contemplate the love of God that beams forth in yonder resplendent luminary, which is written on the flowers beneath my feet, which is warbled in the surrounding grove, and painted on the distant gilded landscape, I feel my soul drawn out to magnify, adore and love the God of my salvation. It affords me a theme of rejoicing, it presents the strongest inducements to love the "God of the spirits of all flesh."

Another important question presents itself; will I dare to meet *death* with such a faith? "A death bed is a detecter of the heart." How will my Universalism answer there? I am a sinner. I cannot claim future immortal glory as a reward. I hope in the mercy and grace of my Father in heaven, manifested by His Son Jesus Christ, "who has brought life and immortality to light." My trust is in "God, the Savior of all men, especially of those that believe." I hope, through His loving kindness and grace, to be clothed upon with immortality, to enter the haven of endless felicity above, not for my faith, not for my good works, but because God has promised to redeem me—to redeem the world. Now if I should this moment receive my death summons, I could only say "Lord be merciful to me a sinner; sustain me in the all-trying hour of dissolving nature, by that love and goodness which have ever been around me. I have no other power on which I can lean; no other God and comforter in the dark valley;" no other father but God. Trusting in His mercy for my *own* redemption, I will hope and pray for the salvation of those who smooth my dying pillow; the salvation of my neighbors, my enemies, the salvation of the vast race of Adam.

But the sun is already above the hill. The villagers are repairing to their daily toil. I must away to mine, which will be pleasant and joyous, for I have now tasted the *goodness* of the Lord. "O Lord, cause me to hear Thy loving kindness in the morning, for in Thee do I trust; yea, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy *in the morning*."

THE PRESENT NUMBER.

We take especial pleasure in presenting the present number of our paper to its readers. We indulge the confident hope that it will be highly acceptable to them generally. We cannot expect to satisfy all. This would be next to impossible under the various tastes and feelings possessed by men.

The Prize Tale we doubt not will be read with a deep interest. And we think it will not be found to be overdrawn. Some, indeed may regard one scene in it, as a high-wrought picture. We mean that in which a *parent* is found so lost to the feelings that should ever characterize that hallowed relation, as to stand and utter maledictions on the head of a dear and affectionate daughter for the simple indulgence of an opinion on matters of religion! We recoil in horror almost at the bare supposition, and pronounce it a libel on human nature, weak and frail as it is. But the sketch of our correspondent *is true to the life!* Even in this enlightened age, and within a very short time, we have been made acquainted with circumstances in this city, which support the delineation almost to the letter. We can only beseech the all-wise disposer of all events to soften the hearts of such parents, if *parents* they can be called.

Our warmest thanks are due to the rest of our friends who have contributed to the value of this number. The signatures of Brs. Le Fevre, Spear, Hallock and Perry are a sufficient guarantee for the interest of their articles. The poetical article on our last page is from a new female correspondent to our paper, a resident of Norwich, Conn. The sentiment expressed in her lines is admirable. She will accept our thanks for this favor, and we hope to hear from her again. P.

PARTICULARS TO BE NOTED.

We shall send the present No. of the Messenger to many individuals in different sections who are not subscribers to it. If it is approved of, and they are so inclined, we should be happy to add their names to its list. Those who do not wish to subscribe, after perusing the number themselves, will please hand it to their acquaintances, that it may be circulated as extensively as may be convenient.

We shall also send it, as we intimated last week, to those who have notified us to stop the paper at the close of the 3d vol. but in all of these cases we shall say "*discontinued*," on it, that the individuals may know that their notices have been received. These, also, will please circulate it after their own perusal.

We shall also probably send duplicate copies to some individuals in each place where the paper circulates, in all which cases, they will understand that one is for circulation, and they will confer a favor on us by putting it in suitable hands.

Brs. Asher Moore, of New-London, and T. F. Albertson, of Norwich, Conn. will act as agents for the Messenger and Universalist. Our friends in that region can transact their business pertaining to this paper, with either of them.

*** Brother Hammond will excuse the non-appearance of his favors, till next week. Our apology is this—the last No. was out from the press before his package came to hand, and having a large edition of this one to mail, we are compelled to get it out early, and consequently had the matter all in hand, and so far set up, for this also, when his arrived, that we could not make room for it.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It will be seen in another article that we shall send this *one* No. to those of our present subscribers who have ordered it discontinued at the close of the 3d vol. but in all those cases shall designate it, so that they may know their notices have been received. All other present subscribers who do not intend to continue the 4th vol. will write their *names and residences* on the margin, defacing the paper as little as possible, and return it immediately, directed "*Christian Messenger, Pr. New-York.*" They will please attend to it immediately or we shall be compelled to hold them accountable for the subscription. Will they bear it in mind? It can be but little trouble to them, and will save hard feelings, perhaps. Although we are anxious to hold all our *good subscribers*, we do not wish to crowd the paper where it is not wanted.

THE SOUTH.

The Southern Evangelist, for September, published and edited by Br. Andrews at Montgomery Ala. has come to hand since our last. It presents us with the most encouraging news from the South. We shall give our readers extracts next week, that they may see the *South does not keep back.*

By the Magazine and Advocate we learn that Br. Russel Tomlinson has removed from Le Roy, to Buffalo. All letters, &c. for him should hereafter be addressed to the latter place.

We have also noticed that Br. Russel Streeter is about removing to Woodstock, Vt.

Married,

In Newark N. J. on the evening of the 23d ult. by the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Mr. George Tunis and Miss Margary Vreland.

Died,

In New-York, on the 18th inst. Mrs. Nancy Southworth, aged 50 years, wife of Mr. Charles Southworth, formerly of North-Bridgewater, Mass. At a very early period of life, (about 14 years of age) Mrs. S. joined a Presbyterian church, with which she continued in communion for 9 or 10 years. Experiencing a change of views on the character of God, she withdrew from the Presbyterian, and united with a Unitarian Church. In the spring of 1832, the family removed to New-York, where she has resided till her death. Her demise was sudden and unexpected, both to herself and friends, her husband being absent at the time, having left her in health, to be away only a few days. Still she was not unprepared. She met her last change with great calmness and composure. In the closing moments, while her best earthly friend and companion was absent, and there was no prospect of ever meeting him again this side of the grave, she was perfectly resigned, and took an affectionate leave of the rest of her family, requesting them not to do any thing more for her recovery; that she was sensible she must part with them, and that she was ready to go; desiring them especially to bear her parting words to her absent companion, her mother and friends, assuring them that she departed in peace, in the full assurance of meeting them hereafter in a better and happier world. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

*** Will the Boston Trumpet notice the death?

Religious Notices.

Br. Sawyer will preach in Annsvile in the morning, and at Peekskill in the afternoon and evening, of the 1st Sabbath in Nov. on exchange with Br Bulkeley, who will supply his Desk in the city.

Br. Hillyer will preach in Stratford Conn. on Saturday evening, Nov 8th; at Trumbull on Sunday Morning and afternoon, and at Bridgeport in the evening, of Nov. 9th, on exchange with Br. A. Case who will preach at North Salem Sunday, Nov. 9th.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Rondout Wednesday Evening Nov. 12; in New Windsor, Orange co. Monday Evening 17th; in Salisbury, Tuesday Evening 18th, and in Washingtonville, Wednesday Evening 19th.

Br. Asher Moore will preach in Westerly R. I. the *first* Sabbath—in New-London, Conn the *second* and *fourth* Sabbaths, and in Norwich, Conn. the *third* Sabbath in each month, until further notice, commencing on the first Sabbath in Nov.

Br. Bulkeley will preach at Annsville, or Peekskill, 1st Sunday; in Milton the 3d Sunday, and in Collabargh and Sing Sing, the 4th Sunday in each month, for the year ensuing.

Br. James McLaurin will preach at Stanhope Nov. 2, (to-morrow,) at Branchville Nov. 9th, at Centreville Nov. 16th and at Monroe Nov. 23

Br. M. Rayner, of Portland Me will preach in Newtown, Conn 1st Sunday in Nov. (to morrow.)

Original.

WOMAN'S AFFECTIONS.

Is not the life of Woman all bound up
In her affections? What hath she to do
In this bleak world alone?—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Aye, true—and what to her is life,
Without those priceless gems on which her soul
Doats with unchanging fondness? What to her
The varied beauties with which nature decks
Her loveliest haunts? Nay, picture not
Even heaven to her, glowing with light and bliss,
Deck'd with imagination's fairest hues—
Then tell that there, when life with all its cares
And toils are o'er, her soul shall taste of joys
So glorious and so pure, that mortal thought
May never reach so high;—and let her faith
Be strong, as mortal faith and hope
Can ever be, while her fair glowing cheek,
And glistening eyes, are brightening with the joy
Of holy confidence and artless trust;—
Then whisper but the doubt, in gentlest tone,
That there pe haps her treasures may not come,
Those lov'd so fondly and so long!—Yes, those
On whom her full and doating heart
Bestows its deep, unbounded tenderness;
Those in whose happiness her own, even here,
So closely is entwin'd, her heart's best life,
In parting with them, must be rent away!
Then say, if thus, in doubt, even Heaven can charm?
Oh, she will tell thee earth no scene presents,
Of poverty and toil, to fear like this!

Now look and see thy work, thou who art sent
To raise the drooping, wearied soul from earth,
And with mild mercy's soft persuasive voice,
To turn the erring from their thorny path.
The eye once raised in joyous trust to thee,
Is humid now with tears. The swelling heart
Has pal'd the glowing cheek. Oh, seek not thus,
Where earth's young flow'rets in their freshness bloom,
Shedding their fragrance o'er its wintry scenes,
To scatter poison o'er their rich perfume!
Still let us here preserve one verdant spot,
Unstain'd within the heart, where we may
Retire and rest with joy, when earth's dark cares
Thicken around our path. Indignantly,
From the cold creeds of superstitious trust,
She turns to search the hallow'd page of truth.
Inscrib'd in characters of light she reads
God's purposes of love—the mists of doubt
And error flee away—her eye regains
Its grateful lustre, and her soul its peace.

Norwich, Conn. M. M. E.

Original.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

BY JOHN PERRY.

——— O! my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. Matt. xxvi, 39.

Among the most prominent of all the duties of a christian's life, is resignation; that meek and quiet submission to the dispensations of an All-wise and superintending Providence, which is continually watching and controlling the destinies of men, whose decrees are all intended for and calculated to promote our ultimate good. That bowing of the spirit to the ills of life, which, with time, is one of the readiest means of assuaging the miseries to which we are liable, and proving how much we feel our dependence on our heavenly Parent; how much we appreciate the good and perfect gifts he has bestowed upon us, and how grateful we are to Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!"

We know that loud and boisterous demonstrations of grief are but little calculated to mitigate or assuage the sorrows of those who may have been subjected to recent and trying calamities; and sometimes, alas! we know that even these manifestations of the "spirit's mourning," are but the cold and heartless artifices of hypocrisy. We know, too, that grief, and a constant recurrence to trials and afflictions that are past; the sorrowing for friends who have gone to the "land of spirits;" or over misfortunes that may weigh heavy upon us, and cloud the brightness of our "sun of joy," will wear the chords of life so fine, that even the flapping of the wings of the destroying angel in his unwearied flight, will shatter them all forever! All this we know, and yet how few will learn a lesson from the book of their own experience! How few look upon the trials of life with calmness and resignation, or bear the dispensations of Omnipotence with fortitude and equanimity, or without repining—how few will exclaim from the heart, fervently, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt!"

Human nature is weak, and our weaknesses will frequently gain an ascendency over reason and prudence. We are too apt to repine over that which we cannot prevent, and instead of exercising a resignation to the will of our Creator, which is noble and god-like, give ourselves up to feelings that are both weak and unchristian. It is frequently the case that we double our sorrows by the manner in which we contrast them. We compare our situations, when the hand of misfortune is upon us, with those whose life is for the present undimmed by a single cloud; whose bark is yet floating upon untroubled waters! Do we look upon those who are tried like ourselves? Do we look upon those who have suffered, who still suffer more? Do we look into the wretched hovel of poverty, upon the pallet of straw, upon

"The hard brown loaf, for many famished mouths"—

upon the decrepid and attenuated form that is racked by the tortures of disease, and wasting away, like the vapory mists of the morning? Do we look upon the houseless wanderer, the vagrant outcast, who stands alone in the wide world, friendless, forlorn, destitute, like the leafless tree from whose trunk the branches have been riven by the forked lightning? Alas! we do not. We look above, we seldom cast our eyes below!

O! what an example of resignation, of fortitude and equanimity, do we possess in the life and character of that "man of sorrows," the blessed Savior. His was a life of trials, of meek and calm enduring. He suffered—did he weep? Yes! but 'twas for a world he would have died to save—not for himself! He was despised, contemned, rejected—did he sorrow? Yes! but 'twas for his enemies. "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" said he, "thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" He was denied, betrayed, and by those whom he loved and trusted—did he repine, did he reproach? Ask Peter! Ask Judas! And on that memorable night at Gethsemane, a few short hours previous to his betrayal, when he withdrew from his disciples to pour his soul away in silent communion with his Father; when the sorrows of the past came up in review before him, like a withering, desolating spell; when the accumulated afflictions of the cheerless present, the cruelty of his persecutors, the unkindness of friends, hung like a midnight incubus upon his spirits; when the dreary future was unveiled before him—the cross—the death; when a world of internal agony and anguish, was poured upon that sinless and devoted head—and was he not resigned? Hear the words that burst from that meek submissive heart—"O! my Father! if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, *thy will be done!*" Look at him before Pilate—see the inhuman soldiery—their taunting insults—the scarlet robe—the crown of thorns! Follow him to Calvary—see the cruel wounds that

"In his hands, and sides, and feet, he bore—"

hear his last sigh—there was no murmur, no rebuke through all his aggravated sufferings; but quiet and resigned, he commended his spirit to his Father, and bowed his head in death! * * * * * * O! that men would bring Jesus, in imagination before them; make themselves acquainted with all the misery he endured for us, and learn a deep and salutary lesson from his glorious and imperishable example.

* * * * * * * * *

From the imperfections of our common nature, sorrow and misfortune must be the attendants of human existence; and it is too frequently the case, that many of the ills of life are the consequences of our own indiscretions. How necessary is it, then, that instead of repining, or of accusing our Heavenly Father with the hardness of our lot, and the extent of our sufferings, we attribute them to the right cause, and endeavor to remedy the evil in ourselves, by christian perseverance and fortitude. Events over which we have no control will sometimes come and dash the full and flowing cup of joy from the lip. Unfortuitous circumstances may occur that will check our fondest anticipations—

"And darksome clouds may come to day,
And damp the mirth so bright and glowing,
Chasing each gleam of joy away,
Setting the heart's deep fountains flowing!"

The cold and icy hand of death may lay its withering touch upon those we love; the smiling blossoms of the heart's best affections may be removed by its influence, yet still, under all, there is room for hope; still there is cause for resignation; for how many there are, whose sorrows and afflictions are even greater than our own. We should, then, be thankful that our situations are no worse; resigned to the ills we cannot prevent; forgetting the sorrows that are past; or recalling them from the cells of memory, only to be the chasteners of a too wild and exuberant joy. We should keep hope and gratitude alive within the breast, and make ourselves assured, that however dark and dreary may be our prospects to-day, they may be all bright and beautiful on the morrow! And should death be the cause of our tears, how much reason for resignation, even rejoicing, have we, in the enduring promises of our God—in the knowledge of His goodness—in the hope of a joyful resurrection from the grave to life and immortality!—in the hope of becoming the habitants of that bright realm beyond the tomb,

"Where the rainbow never fades"—

that home "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"—where there shall be no more death—"where sighing and sorrow shall flee away," and where all that have borne the impress of mortality, shall meet to part no more forever!

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE FOURTH VOLUME OF THE

New-York Christian Messenger and Philadelphia Universalist.

Edited by T. J. Sawyer, A. C. Thomas and P. Price.

In the prosecution of our labors on the 4th volume, no material change will take place in our course, from that which has characterized the preceding ones, other than to avail ourselves of every improvement which may suggest itself, in the spirit and manner of treating the great subject to which the paper is devoted, and which may be within our power.

In addition to ordinary interest it is expected the Discussion will be continued, which has been in progress thro' the last vol. between Rev. E. S. Ely, (Presbyterian,) and Abel C. Thomas, (one of the editors,) on the all important question, "Is the doctrine of endless misery taught in the holy scriptures, or, do they teach the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?" We feel justified by the circumstances in the case, in saying that no controversy was ever conducted for the length of time, in a better spirit than this. It has been read with a deep and abiding interest, and so long as it preserves its present spirit and character, it will continue to be sought for with avidity.

In the general conduct of the paper, no exertions will be spared to preserve, and even extend, the favorable character which it has thus far sustained. And in return, we respectfully ask of its friends, a continued, and if consistent, *increased* effort to extend its circulation. Although it is prospering, and its continuance is *sure*, it still needs additional support to reasonably compensate its conductors. And if they have been faithful at all to the duties of their station, we believe it will not be in the hearts of *Universalists* to turn them away empty handed. Let every friend then remember it substantially in the way of increase to its patronage. They all know the necessity of sustaining a work of the kind in the important locations which this occupies.

Terms.—The "Messenger and Universalist," is published every Saturday, simultaneously in New-York and Philadelphia, in royal quarto, at $2 per ann. in advance, or $2,50 if not paid within six months. Publishing Offices, No. 2 Marble-Building, Chatham-Square, foot of Bowery, N. Y. and 132 Chesnut-st. Philadelphia. Letters to be addressed "P. Price, 2 Chatham-Square, N. Y." *post paid.*